Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolue for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *exeunt.*

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Draw. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fiue more sir Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if thou canst find out Sneakes Noise, mistris Tere-sheet would faine heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old vtis, it wil be an excellent stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake. *exit*

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes sir Iohn.

enter sir Iohn.

sir Iohn When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

Falst. So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mistris Dol.

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your selfe.

host By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew matique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cõfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessel.

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